

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1911

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A Boy's Theology.

They tell me God is everywhere,
I cannot see Him in the air,
I look, and cannot see Him here;
But, somehow when I cheat at play,
And mamma's orders disobey,
He seems to come so very near!

For The Beacon.

Janet's Blessing Book.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

Janet thought her cousin Eleanor the most wonderful big girl in all the world, and every day she wanted to make her something. But her fingers were very little, and often the things she made were crooked and not at all pretty to any eyes but hers. On New Year's Day she made Eleanor a little blank book. She made it of blank paper and painted the cover and tied it up with her best doll ribbon. She did love Eleanor so.

Eleanor thanked her very sweetly. That was Eleanor's pretty way. But after she had gone out of the room, Janet heard her say:

"Mamma, I don't know what to do with this. Janet has worked so hard over it that it would be a shame to throw it away, but there isn't anything I can use it for."

"Make it into a blessing book," said Aunt Emma's voice. "Use it to write down the special blessings that come to you."

"I don't ever have special blessings," said Eleanor. Aunt Emma's voice sounded sorry as she answered,

"Yes, you have, daughter, but you don't think of them. This would help you think. Promise me, dear, that you will open it every night for two weeks, and, if any specially pleasant thing has come to you through the day, put it down."

"Yes, I will, if you want me to," said Eleanor. She was so sweet to do what people wanted. So every night for two weeks she took her blessing book and made a little star for each pleasant thing that had happened to her, with just a word of writing to make her remember what it was. She was surprised to find that there was something every day, and sometimes she put down four or five stars for one day. At the end of two weeks she wouldn't have given it up for anything. She dated every entry, and it was a good deal better than a journal. She wrote in it every day that year, and, when the next New Year's Day came, she begged Janet to make her another.

"I got more good out of it than out of any other present I had," she said. And Janet was very, very happy.



THE MERRY CHICK-A-DEE-DEES.

Courtesy of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

We'll Sing Our Trust.

We'll sing our loving trust in God,
However dark the day;
For sure 'tis He who leadeth us
Along our changeful way.
There cometh sun, there cometh cloud;
But, whate'er may befall,
We still will follow after Him
Who leads us through them all.

We'll cheer our hearts, as on we go,
With thoughts of those of old,
Who through their furnace-trials came
Refined like precious gold.

Like Jesus, they, too, stood for truth,
Though heretic with men;
Like him they triumphed, though they died,
And still they live again.

Not only in the far-off lands
And far-off times they wrought;
The modern world has heroes, too,
To lift its heart and thought.
These are the ones who dare to think;
And, spite of hostile wrath,
They, for the progress of mankind,
Hew out a grander path.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

*If we cannot strew life's path with flowers,
we can at least strew it with smiles.*

DICKENS.

Rest.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is fittin'g
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

DWIGHT.

Building a Shack.

One Saturday Billie and his chum, Bryden, and Fleet, Billie's dog, were following a brook that ran across Billie's father's farm when they came to a great tree whose branches drooped to the ground. The boys crept under it and stretched out on their backs, while Fleet ran off in search of a woodchuck or anything else that would give him a chance to run.

The boys talked over quite a number of important things, and then all at once Billie sat up straight and gazed at Bryden.

"What's the matter?" asked Bryden.

"Say," cried Billie, "wouldn't this be a fine place for a shack?"

Bryden looked the tree over.

"I don't know but it would," he replied. "Let's go up to the house and get an axe," said Billie. "I'll ask father if we may have some of those little trees that grow down in the swamp; he cuts them for bean-poles; they're just the thing. Come on. We'll bring lunch and stay all day. Come on."

The boys whistled for Fleet and then ran home as fast as they could. By and by they came back armed with axes and nails and rope and a lunch basket.

"Now," said Billie, "we'll sharpen a stick, and you get some holes made all round the tree while I go down to the swamp and cut the trees: then we'll stick them in the ground and tie the tops to the trunk of the big tree. We'll leave a place for a door."

"What shall we cover it with?" asked Bryden.

"Dried leaves and hemlock branches. It'll be water tight and warm as toast. We can come here every Saturday all winter and bring our lunch. We'll get some boards, and next Saturday we'll make a floor. Come on."

The two boys worked like beavers all day long. They got the little trees cut and trimmed and driven into the ground: then the next thing was to get the ends of the trees tied to the trunk of the big tree. It didn't look very easy, and it was almost supper time before they commenced. Still, they wanted to see how it was going to look, so they worked away as fast as they could.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried Billie. "If you'll boost, I'll get up on that first branch, you bend down the sticks, and I'll lean over and tie them to the trunk."

Well, after trying a number of times,

Billie managed to get up into the spruce-tree, then Bryden began bending the sticks for Billie to tie. They were almost done when all of a sudden Fleet gave a furious bark and dashed off into the woods, Billie lost his balance and came crashing down through the shack. He hit his foot against a stone and turned as white as a sheet.

"Have you hurt yourself?" cried Bryden.

"Awfully," groaned Billie.

"What shall we do?"

Billie tried to get up, but fell back with a groan.

"Say, I'll run to your house and get your father," cried Bryden. "I won't be gone long. Fleet can stay with you. Here, Fleet: here, Fleet!"

Poor Billie! It was pretty dark in under the spruce, and his foot pained him, and Fleet was uneasy: it did seem as if his father never would come. He began to think of all sorts of dreadful things. Suppose something had happened to Bryden, and suppose he and Fleet should have to stay in the shack all night! Suppose there were Indians about, and bears!

Just here Billie felt a cold nose pressed close to his hand, and then a great warm tongue licked his face. It was Fleet saying as best he could, "I love you, Billie, and I'll bite anything that comes to harm you."

Now, Billie was just a little boy, you know, and his ankle did pain him dreadfully, and of course it was lonely in the woods; but Billie had no notion of being a coward, not he. He patted Fleet's neck.

"We're not afraid, are we, Fleet?"

Fleet laughed at the idea, or, at least, he wagged his tail, which is a dog's way of laughing, then he pricked up his ears.

"What is it, Fleet?" Billie's heart was in his mouth. Fleet gave a short, joyful bark.

"Hello, Fleet," called a voice, "where's Billie?"

"Here I am, father," shouted Billie; for it was Billie's father, and you never saw a happier boy than Billie was. His father took him in his arms and carried him home: his mother came down to the brook to meet him. Father put him on the couch, mother took off his shoe and stocking, baby toddled up and put her pretty little pink finger on his ankle. "Poo' Bi'ee," she said, "ar' hurted," and there was such a funny little anxious look in her baby eyes that Billie had to giggle right out. The doctor came pretty soon and bandaged his ankle, and then he had a nice supper and was put to bed. He dreamed he was down at the shack all alone, and it was very dark, and he was lonesome; and then, all at once he dreamed he opened his eyes, and there were father and mother and baby and Fleet. Wasn't he glad!—*Frances J. Delano, in the Churchman.*

The Boy Who Succeeds.

Recent statistics show that out of one thousand successful and representative American men almost half were country-bred, about thirty-nine per cent. were city-bred, and the remainder were foreign-born. But, as the cities have a far smaller population than the country at large, this makes the proportion of city boys who can succeed greater than at first seems. As a matter of fact, a boy can succeed anywhere if he has the stuff of success in him. It is not the place, but the boy, that is the starting point toward victory.

For The Beacon.

Our Red-coat Mystery.

BY "JAC" LOWELL.

Part III.

I also glanced back, then bent over my bars and pushed harder. The glance had plainly told that we would soon be overtaken, for the rival riders had the advantage of thoroughly modern wheels.

It was not long before their leaders caught up with Chubby Jenks.

"Oh, fellows, look at this!" we heard them shout. "Catch onto the high-minded one! That's right, Fatty, tumble off and push it home!"

Poor Chubby was left far behind, and, though we rode with all our might, the lighted wheels bore rapidly down upon us. We were trying to ride seven abreast, according to our custom; but in the excitement and the growing darkness we found it hard to keep together.

"They're a crowd of Branton lads!" shouted Billy Wales. "They may catch us, but don't let them pass us!"

That gave us new hope, and, though the shouting rivals did overtake us, we paced them side by side without an inch of loss.

Little by little they stopped shouting and gave all their strength and attention to trying to outride us.

Just as I thought that our boys were beginning to weaken, the excitement of the race suddenly shifted to two individual riders.

A fellow in a red cap and fancy red coat spurred ahead of all the rest.

"Go it, King!" shouted a Branton fellow who rode near me. "Nobody can catch you!"

At that one of our own riders made a spurt. It was Reddy Howe. Like a flash he shot after King. It was easy to see that he meant to catch him.

"You can do it! You can do it!" cried Billy Wales. And the rest of us shouted, "Go, Red, go!" at the top of our voices.

Red did go! So did King.

We had to pedal hard to keep sight of them. All other rivalries were forgotten, so intent were we on seeing every inch of the exciting race from start to finish.

About a mile from Bayville and close to Branton Road stands Casti's store, a small place where motorists can get food for their stomachs and gasoline for their autos. Casti's has a bright electric light which always throws a white patch across the road.

It was with great eagerness that we now approached it, for we knew that, as the riders flew by, we could tell which one held the lead.

On, on we sped. Far down the curving road shone Casti's light. A rod ahead of us went King and Red. We could not distinguish one from the other.

On, on! Faster, faster! Nearer, nearer to the patch of light!

All at once they burst upon it. There was a gleam of scarlet, a flash of nickel,—and, bright as sunlight, the light shone full upon them! They were side by side, and riding at top speed.

For a second the light told us the stirring story. Then the racers were lost in the inky darkness.

Doubling our own efforts we were soon scorching past Casti's and shouting after King and Red. Soon they were in sight

again,—two dark figures flying behind the faint light from King's lantern.

We began to fear that the result would be a tie. We began to shout. We grew more and more excited. We rode dangerously close to one another, and, just as we neared the square where we knew King and Red would finish, somebody lost control, there was a spill, a crash, and we were piled together like a crowd of Rugby players.

Even then, in spite of bumps and scratches, our chief thoughts were of the race.

Struggling to our feet and staring ahead to where an arc light hung over the village street, we saw a rider skim across the green, strike the road again, and leap off in a cloud of dust. Another rider followed at a wheel's length; but we paid him little heed, for the first arrival, the winner, was our own Reddy Howe!

To be continued.

The Child and the Storm.

As snowflakes danced in a merry way

Down over the garden wall,
And snuggled cozily, side by side,

Wherever they chanced to fall,
They gayly whirled by the blue, blue eyes

Of a child with smiling face,
And leaped in time when his laugh pealed
out

Delight at their merry race.

The wind came, too, with a biting puff

Right over the garden wall,

To strike the child on his rosy cheeks,

And roar in the tree-tops tall;

But the child just tightened his little cap

More close o'er his head of gold,

And smiled in the rough wind's cruel face

And laughed at the threatened cold.

The sting of storms is the way they're met;

A bitter complaint or tear

Will sharpen breezes and deepen gloom,

A smile will a tempest clear;

And so, down close by the garden wall,

The voice of the storm grew mild,

While wind and snow, in a merry romp,

Joined in with the happy child.

Do You Know this Flower?

Among the guests at a summer hotel in Vermont was a scientist from Boston noted for his botanical researches and a woman desirous of impressing him with her stores of general knowledge. Also she affected a deep interest in all matters pertaining to botany.

"I suppose," said the woman one day, "that you find almost all the mountain flowers around here?"

"I find a great many," said the scientist.

"There's one species of flower," she continued, "of which I've read as always being on the hills, and I've always wanted to see it. Perhaps you can pick me some."

"And what is this flower, madam?"

"The 'purple gloaming,' you know. I should dearly love to possess some!"—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Make use of time if thou valuest eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled: to-morrow cannot be assured.



LEAVING HER NATIVE LAND—Bacon.

For The Beacon.

A Good Archbishop.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

In books of selections for devotional reading, whether compiled by Protestants or Catholics, no name appears more frequently and no loftier sentiments are expressed than those of Fénelon, the Catholic archbishop.

It has been truly remarked that, though not canonized as a saint, he was inferior to none either in intellect or in saintliness of character. François de Salignac de La Mothe-Fénelon was born of noble parents, at the Château de Fénelon in Périgord, France, Aug. 6, 1651. A lovely, delicate child, full of vivacity, yet sensitive to the slightest touch of pain or physical indisposition, he was at once the constant anxiety and delight of his parents.

His father kept him at home until he was twelve years old, giving his personal supervision to his education. From his earliest years he manifested a religious temperament, having a strong faith in Providence and a delight in devotional exercises, not in the least incompatible with a strong sense of humor and delight in boyish play. His father died while he was still a child, leaving him to the guardianship of his uncle, the Marquis Antoine de Fénelon. There was a warm affection between uncle and nephew, their relations being those of father and son. In 1663 his uncle sent him to the university of Cahors, where he distinguished himself as a scholar.

A Roman Catholic by birth and tradition, he never seemed to have doubted the teachings of that church, but interpreted them with a spirituality and devotion rare in any religious body. He preached his first sermon at the age of fifteen to an admiring and wondering congregation. After this he went to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and received holy orders about 1675. He rose rapidly from one position to another until he was made archbishop.

The works of no other writer will better repay careful study than those of Fénelon. In this rushing, nervous age it is restful to come upon such utterances as the following,

and I have no doubt that he was inspired to write them for our edification no less than for the thousands to whom they have been a comfort and inspiration for nearly three hundred years:—

"Accustom yourself to unreasonableness and injustice. Abide in peace in the presence of God, who sees all these evils more clearly than you do, and who permits them. Be content with doing with calmness all the little which depends upon yourself, and let the rest be as if it were not.

"The crosses which we make for ourselves by a feverish anxiety about the future are not crosses which come from God. . . . Let us shut our eyes to all that God hides from us. Let us worship without seeing; let us be silent; let us abide in peace.

"Prayer is communion with God. As soon as we are with God in faith and love we are in prayer. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God.

"While we are so fond of ourselves, we are easily offended with others. Let us think often of our own infirmities, and we shall be more indulgent to those of others.

"Do not be discouraged concerning your faults: bear with yourself in correcting them as you would with your neighbor. . . . Speak, work, move in peace, as if you were in prayer, as indeed you ought to be. Do everything without excitement by the spirit of grace. Lay aside the ardor of mind which exhausts your body and leads you to commit errors. Listen to the leadings of grace, and say and do nothing but as the Holy Spirit shall lead. You will find that you will become tranquil, that your words will be fewer and more effectual, and with less effort you will accomplish more good.

"Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at each moment, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work that His providence assigns me. I must neglect nothing; I must be violent about nothing."

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

"Give thanks for what is, instead of dwelling on what might have been."

For The Beacon.

Prisons and Progress.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

A few years ago, in traveling from Montreal to Toronto in Canada, I went up by boat. Soon after leaving Montreal, while steaming up the St. Lawrence River, the boat came to a place where it seemed as though all further progress was impossible.

We found ourselves, after squeezing through a passage-way just big enough to admit the boat, in a narrow, high-walled place, with even the door through which we entered closed after us. It was simply a prison, from which there seemed to be no escape; and for a little while there was no sign of hope that I should ever reach Toronto.

But, as we waited there in the shadow of the towering walls, the walls gradually began to sink and we to rise. Very slowly we rose, until at last we reached the high level. And finally another big gate in front of the steamer swung open, and the boat moved on in its journey toward Lake Ontario.

That canal lock was a prison for a time, and prevented us from moving. But in the end, as we discovered, it was the means of our rising to a higher level and of our being able to move onward. Had it not been for the lock and the imprisonment, we should never have been able to get above the rapids of the river.

So I learned then, and you may learn now, that sometimes a prison, or what may seem to be a prison, is really a means of progress. In other words, the thing that stops us for a little while helps us to go on further by and by. If we learn this lesson when we are young, we shall be saved a very great deal of useless sorrow in the years to come.

There is, for example, the lock of duty. When we desire to sail along with increasing speed, and to enjoy the beauty along the way, we are forced to stop. Duty opens a door that seems to lead into dimness and narrowness. Pleasure must be left behind us. We think of the many things we could be enjoying if it were not for our being shut in by our task.

We can of course escape and not enter the door, but then we shall have to go backwards, and not forwards. And whoever dodges duty to go on his way always goes back. The only way to go on is through the lock of duty. The only way to rise higher is to be willing to stop patiently until our duty-doing lifts us.

But whoever is willing to shut himself in what seems the prison of duty for a little while will find, just as we did on the St. Lawrence, that he will be lifted to a higher level, and there will be for him the greater pleasure of going on. The prison of duty is just the price of progress.

Or there is the lock of weakness and suffering. How many of us there are who are prevented from doing the great things we would like to do because of some physical injury or infirmity. As a result we are shut up in a sick room for months, and unable to do anything at all worth while. And there we are, locked up as tightly as a boat in a canal.

But we may know that these very conditions may help us to make greater advancement. Sickness teaches us sympathy with others. Weakness teaches us to realize how great a privilege is strength, and how we should use it as wisely as we can. To stop

a while on a sick bed gives us a chance to think ahead and to see just where we are going.

Always these prisons in which we find ourselves placed may be used as a means to make progress. In ways that I cannot explain and you could not understand, the things that are hard to bear are very often the ones that help us the most. It is not through pleasure that we make the most progress. It is quite as often through pain. We sometimes gain most by our losses. What many a child cries for is very often the thing that would have done only harm.

There is the prison of sleep, in which we rest for another day's work. There is the prison of school, in which we cease our play and learn what we need to know. And there are all these other prison-locks of life, by which we are able to go higher and do more. So let us not forget that a prison may mean progress.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the Cradle Roll, and how can I start one?

This question has been asked by several persons, who seem not to have read the answer given to practically the same question in number six of *The Beacon*, dated November 6, 1910. To what was said there it is pleasant to add a note about the record or chart of the Cradle Roll, to be hung in the Sunday-school room, preferably in the primary class-room. There are many designs for these, published by different denominational houses, but nearly all have some objectionable feature. The best one that has come under my notice is a hand-painted register, designed and made by Miss Gertrude E. Reed, of 89 Lexington Street, East Boston, Mass. It is tasteful in design, free from objectionable features, and inexpensive, costing but \$2. The fact that Miss Reed is a Tuckerman School graduate gives these registers a special interest to all Unitarians.

Jack Frost and King Coal.

"Say, good miner, why do you stay
Down in the hillside all the long day?"

"Dear little child, you'll soon find out,
When old Jack Frost goes running about,
Nipping your ears and biting your toes—
'Tis then my good work every one knows."

"Who is Jack Frost?" the little one asked.
Then from the ground came a voice quick
and fast:

"Jack Frost is King Winter; King Coal am I;
He bites the toes I keep warm and dry."

EMMA F. SHERRITT.

Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health
is the attachment we form to noble souls,
because to become one with the good, generous,
and true is to become in a measure
good, generous, and true ourselves.

DR. ARNOLD.

*Few are qualified to shine in company;
but it is in most people's power to be agreeable.*
SWIFT.

RECREATION CORNER.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Editor of The Beacon.—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much, and enjoy working out the puzzles. I saw that you were short of puzzles and so am going to send you one.

Yours truly,
JULIA M. PROCTOR.

ENIGMA XVII.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 2, 5, is a garden vegetable.
My 8, 9, 10, is a part of the body.
My 7, 5, 4, is a boy's name.
My 3, 5, 6, is a girl's name.
My whole is something every one should study.
ALLEN HARTWELL GLEASON.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

I am a small rabbit.
Change my head and I am anxiety.
Change it again and I am lightly cooked.
Change it again and I am to venture.
Change my second letter and I am in this place.
Change it again and I am to employ with wages.
Change my third letter and I am hearty.
Change it again and I am opposite of love.
Change my fourth letter and I am opposite of soft.
Change it again and I am to listen.
Change it again and I am a musical instrument.
Change it again and I am a deer.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In run, but not in walk.
In you, but not in me.
In tea, but not in coffee.
In hot, but not in cold.
In Eben, but not in Harold.
In water, but not in land.
In father, but not in mother.
In out, but not in in.
In four, but not in six.
In down, but not in up.
In boy, but not in girl.
In hay, but not in grass.
In Grace, but not in Ruth.
In yield, but not in shield.
In easy, but not in hard.
In smooth, but not in rough.
My whole is the name of one of the Presidents of the United States.

ROBERT C. LITCHFIELD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

ENIGMA XV.—Niagara Falls.
WINTER GAME.—Now, snow. Ail, hail. Nice.
ice. Kate, skate.

Be not anxious about to-morrow. Do
to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and
do not weaken and distract yourself by look-
ing forward to things which you cannot see
and could not understand if you saw them.
Enough for you that the God for whom you
fight is just and merciful, for He rewardeth
every man according to his work.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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